

# Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No 1622—April 22, 1950



Pamela de Waal, of Cape Town, South Africa, taking part in a piping and dancing competition in London.

## THEY WERE ALL THERE

ONLY two supporters of the basketball team of the tiny Alberta village of Magrath were able to travel the 800 miles recently to watch their team play against the University of Manitoba in the Western Canada final, but they were determined the 1300 back home should be able to enjoy the game.

The two fans broadcast a running description over long-distance telephone. Loudspeakers scattered throughout the village brought the game to young and old.

Unfortunately, this tale has no happy ending—Magrath lost!

## The Old Test Tie

THE MCC recently despatched a special tie to the 144 living cricketers who have represented England in a home Test Match. The pattern consists of a miniature crown and three lions in silver on a navy blue background.

The oldest player to receive one was Walter Mead, the former Essex bowler, who is 81; the youngest was Brian Close of Yorkshire, who made his first Test appearance last season when he was 18.

In future every player will receive one of the new ties as well as the customary cap and sweater in the dressing-room when he makes his first appearance in a home Test.

## From a Jolly Miller?

WHEN a bag of flour was being emptied at Croydon it was found to contain a songbook.

## 'Snice

Wanted—Boys and girls to taste a new ice-cream. Imagine the rush there would be in response to such an advertisement. Well, something of the kind actually happened at Sydney in Australia, where an ice-cream factory had an overwhelming response when they advertised jobs for "tasters" of a new product.

Over five thousand school-children stormed the factory and vanloads of policemen were called to bring order out of chaos. The police cordoned off the street and formed the applicants into queues. Each child was then given a free sample of the new ice-cream.

## WHEN LIONS ROAR AND ELEPHANTS RAGE

### MEN IN THE JUNGLE TAKE CARE

How does a lion react when it hears the roar of other lions? This interesting point was put to the test the other day by an American photographer in the African jungle.

When Mr Edgar M. M. Queeney set out from Nairobi in a special truck to photograph wild animals, he also took with him an apparatus to record the sounds of the jungle.

One morning, when the camp was pitched near a small river, a pride of five lions on the other side of the river started roaring.

A recording was made of their voices and then played back to them. The lions roared in reply even louder and became almost frantic in their efforts to cross the river and investigate the noise. But, luckily for Mr Queeney and his companions, the river was an effective barrier!

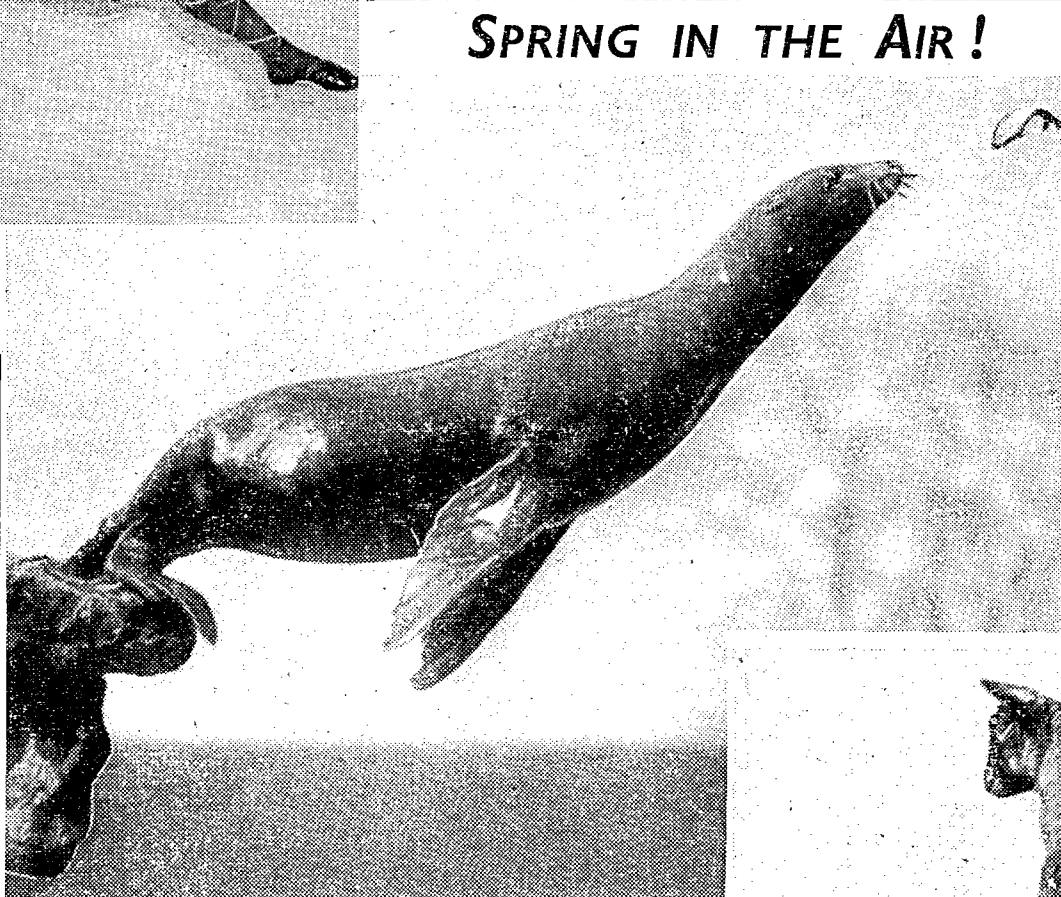
However, there was no convenient river to protect Mr Queeney on another occasion.

It happened near Lake Amboseli, where the safari ran into a herd of 14 elephants. The herd charged the truck, and then it was everybody for himself.

The men dived for cover and the herd thundered by—all but one bull. He sniffed around and then decided it was too much of a bad thing. Lowering his tusks, he drove them straight through the metal body, lifted the whole machine several feet off the ground, and dashed it down again. Then he ambled off, well pleased with what he had done.

## BOUNCING BAIRNS

RANKIN SCHOOL, at Akron, in the United States, is experimenting with a rubber playground. The foundation is of crushed stone sealed with asphalt, and over this is laid half an inch of ground rubber.



Joe the sea-lion leaps into the air to catch a fish at the London Zoo.

## NUTTY SUIT

A suit which was half-wool and half "ardil"—a product of ground nuts—was worn by Sir Wallace Akers, Treasurer of the Chemical Society, at a civic luncheon to the Society in Edinburgh.

The nut material is made at an Imperial Chemical Industries experimental station at Ardeer, Ayrshire; the yarn is spun there and then distributed to Orkney and other parts for weaving. Only sample suits and overcoats are being made at present, but a factory is being built in Dumfries for general manufacture of the yarn, and it will eventually be sent to weavers throughout the country.



A frolicsome lamb on a farm in Somerset—Michael Brook holds out his hands for a catch.



## THE NATION'S PROSPECTS

As in former years, the Government has recently told us, in simple non-technical language, the state of our national housekeeping. This account, officially called the *Economic Survey for 1950*, makes very interesting reading and gives a clear explanation of the whys and wherefores of many of the statements in the Budget presented to Parliament this week by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The *Economic Survey* deals with the main problems of our daily economic life—how we stand with our production in field and factory, and in our trade with the outside world. Furthermore, the *Economic Survey* deals with our national income, savings, and the turning of these savings into new factories, houses, and machines.

In the matter of production the *Survey* is very encouraging. Last year, we are told, Britain produced some six per cent more industrial goods than in 1948, and we did that with practically the same number of workers. The best effort was made by the motor-car, the steel, paper, and furniture industries. In all cases, it was stated, the good results were due to more skilled work and better management. Thus the greater efficiency of our industries, an important goal set by the *Surveys* of the past few years, has at least been achieved. What about our prospects in

1950? The present *Survey* is hesitant to give definite output figures because our prosperity will largely depend on the prosperity of our friends and customers, especially those in America.

Still, we learn that this year we shall most probably have more steel as well as more clothing and food. Incidentally, we were already eating much better last year, some £150,000,000 having been spent on extra food in 1949. More fats, eggs, and milk were consumed; on the other hand, less flour was used—a good sign that the national diet has now become more varied and attractive. Unfortunately, there is still not enough sugar and meat to satisfy all our needs.

### Few Unemployed

The number of unemployed will continue to be very small as against the number of those who work; the employed number over 23 million, or nearly half of the country's total population.

The second part of the *Survey* deals with our balance of payments—that is, the state of our overseas trade. As in previous years, we shall have to watch that side of our economic life very carefully. The famous, or rather infamous, gap is again likely to be with us, at least as far as our trade with America is concerned. But it is very probable that, taking British trade with overseas countries as a whole, we shall have exported by the end of 1950 more than we have bought from abroad.

The third key topic of the *Survey* is the national income, expressing the final result of the nation's year of work. The forecast here is good, and by the end of 1950 the value of our efforts in the form of goods and services produced will—compared with 1949—grow by another £500,000,000. But of this extra production only about half will be available to consumers at home. This means that we must again watch our step. Too much money—as we know—chasing too few goods is always likely to start inflation.

Thus, once again, personal saving is important. Savings indirectly make possible the building of more new factories and homes, and thus eventually help us to enjoy a better standard of living at a lower cost.

### FIFTEEN-MINUTE CUCKOO

All who have listened to the cuckoo call which marks every quarter-hour on the famous Floral Clock in West Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, will be interested to learn that a cuckoo is to be installed, and will appear with each call.

## Khaoyimayum Titigangit Inuinnangmun

This is the title of a new Canadian Government publication, and you need to be an Eskimo to say it. In English it means The Book of Wisdom for Eskimo.

The second edition of this book is now being published because the first, issued in 1947, proved so popular with Eskimo readers. It is written in three sections—English, Eskimo syllabics (which looks like shorthand), and Eskimo written in Roman characters. Thousands of copies, which are now being sent out to the Canadian Arctic, will travel by ship, plane, canoe, and dog team, but many will not arrive until

late summer. They will be handed to the Eskimos by members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Almost every problem the Eskimo has to deal with in daily life, including how to clean a rifle, feed a baby, and treat frostbite, is covered in the book in an emphatic manner.

"Thuilogonic puyalo ilgiek" says the book—"sickness and dirt are partners." "Khalakuktikhaituk iglumi"—"No one must spit in the igloo."

"And work, shun debt with the trader," advises the Book of Wisdom.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

### PEPPERCORNS RENT

When the Duke of Gloucester presented the Royal Charter to the Mayor of Nairobi he was given thirty peppercorns in a silver pepperpot. They discharged the new city's long-standing debt to the King for thirty plots of Crown land.

Provisional figures for coal production in the first quarter of this year, 56,248,600 tons, showed an increase of 837,400 tons on the 1949 figure.

The first warden of St Anthony's College, Oxford (founded recently by a French shipowner), is Frederick William Dampier Deakin, who has already had a distinguished career as scholar, diplomat, and soldier. Early in 1943 he was dropped into Yugoslavia to join Tito's forces.

Child cyclists who break traffic regulations in Denmark have to go to the police station and sing a song called Ten Commandments for Cyclists.

Communication by short-wave radio-telephone has been established between the Channel Islands of Herm and Guernsey. Calls will cost 6d.

A special buttonhole badge is to be worn by Senior Scouts when not in uniform—the familiar arrowhead badge, but in white metal and with the letter S superimposed.

### All Customers Satisfied

There are no fixed prices at a restaurant in Bedford, Indiana, U.S.A. Customers are simply asked to pay whatever they think their meals are worth.



### Rush Hour

Joan and John, tortoises from Africa, take these sixteen baby tortoises on an outing in a pet shop in London.

Last year 180,000 books were sent out to ships by the Seafarers' Education Service, and 1600 seamen were helped with their studies and hobbies.

### AWHEEL ROUND THE WORLD

John Palfreyman, who was motor-cycling round the world, is returning to his Manchester home from Cape Town because his son has been called up.

Six boys at Caterham School in Surrey have been spending part of their holidays redecorating their school swimming bath.

The entire Burmese cabinet resigned recently, and assumed office again five minutes afterwards, on the advice of astrologers who assured them that by doing so the country would be rid of its troubles.

Parents' associations in New York are carrying out a survey of the effects television has on children's study, recreation, eating, and sleeping.

A cycle-dealer of Strasbourg has ridden round France on an old velocipede, a kind of bicycle with solid tyres. It is called une draisienne. He wore a top hat on his long ride.

### Permanent Waves

A new hydraulic research station to be constructed on the Thames near Wallingford will have a special "wave tank" 250 feet long, 160 feet wide, and 2½ feet deep, for the study of coast erosion and wave problems.

When a 12-year-old boy climbed a tree to rescue a cat at Northolt, Middlesex, firemen had to come to rescue both him and the cat.

The scheme for a continuous riverside walk of 136 miles on the banks of the Thames between Teddington and Cricklade locks has been unanimously approved by all the riverside authorities concerned.

The Old Vic Company are to present *Hamlet* and *She Stoops to Conquer* at the International Festival at Zurich, Switzerland, at the end of May.

Unesco and World Health Organisation are co-operating in building up a list of all films on child health, helpful to workers in child health and welfare. So far 800 film titles have been received.

### FRIENDS IN NEED

Tom Whittaker, manager of the Arsenal, had hundreds of letters from people declaring they were in the same class with him at school. They all wanted tickets for the Cup Final!

It is hoped to establish a Drake naval museum in Buckland Abbey, near Tavistock, once the home of Sir Francis Drake and now the property of the National Trust.

## BRITAIN'S HEADMASTER

When the Minister of Education spoke in the Chipping Norton district some time ago he was unaware that eleven local schoolboys in the audience were watching him with considerable curiosity, or that the presence of these lads would later cause a question to be raised in the House of Commons.

For a Conservative member asked why a party of boys from Chipping Norton County School were taken to a Labour Party meeting during school hours. This seemed to suggest that the Labour Government were unfairly using their authority to gain schoolboy recruits to their Party. But there was loud laughter in the House when Mr Tomlinson replied that on the day in question school games had been cancelled owing to bad weather, and that eleven senior boys had asked for and obtained permission to go instead to hear an address by the Minister of Education.

"I understand from the letter I received from the headmaster," Mr Tomlinson continued, "that it was not that they particularly wanted to hear the Minister of Education, but rather to see him."

Perhaps the boys thought a Minister of Education was a sort of super-headmaster, wearing cap and gown of even greater distinction than that with which they were familiar.

## Spotters' Special

MEMBERS of a Birmingham Railway Locomotive Spotters' Club recently had the privilege of travelling on the narrow-gauge railway running nine miles through the Welsh hills, from Welshpool to Llanfair Caereinion, Montgomeryshire.

Closed to passenger traffic 20 years ago, the line still carries two goods trains daily, and it was in goods wagons that the spotters made the trip. Their "special train" was drawn by a little tank engine named "The Earl," after the Earl of Powis who helped to finance the building of the line fifty years ago.

## CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS

ROSEMARY Crow returned to Sheffield in 1948 after nine years in South Africa, and entered for the secondary school examination. She "failed hopelessly."

Recently she received from the Lady Mayoress the prize for the best girl in the year at Greystones Secondary School. What is more, last year she entered an examination for the only vacancy at Abbeydale Grammar School—and won it.

## Stamp Exhibition

PARTIES of ten to 25 school-children, or members of youth organisations, will be shown round the London International Stamp Exhibition at Grosvenor House, May 6–13. Application for group tickets, one shilling a head for organised parties, should be made to Exhibition Junior Sub-Committee, J.P.S., 44 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. If application is made before April 29, guides will be provided.



The Children's Newspaper, April 22, 1950

## WHEN THE RAINS CAME

THE greatest rains in living memory have caused a transformation in the South West Africa scene.

Normally, the land between the Cunene River in the north and the Orange River in the south—an area 800 miles long by 400 broad—is a semi-arid region dotted with desert-scrub bush and river beds that contain water only at rare intervals. Towards the Atlantic Ocean the Namib Desert takes over, and barren sand dunes go down to the sea. Walvis Bay, Swakopmund, and Luderitz Bay have an average rainfall—when it does rain—of under five inches.

But this year copious downpours have changed the scene. A flight made by the Union's Chief Inspector of Flying proves this. Colonel Elliott Wilson says that the Etosha Pan, normally a mud bed, is now a huge inland lake,

and into it rivers as broad as the Orange and Vaal are pouring their waters. From the air the land below looks like an island-studded sea—the hilltops alone standing out above the waters.

The whole scene is unbelievable, says Colonel Elliott. For hundreds of miles the sand dunes are under water; former dry beds of rivers are covered by raging torrents; grass three feet high is growing where before there was bare desert. "A great cornfield," is how one witness describes the country.

Luderitz and Swakopmund on the coast have had their first real rain since 1928. In fact, says Colonel Elliott Wilson, so little rain has ever fallen there that residents have not bothered to keep their roofs rainproof and many homes have been damaged.

Farmers are, of course, more than a little pleased.

## BEATING THE RECORDS

SOME months ago the C.N. stated that John Marshall, the phenomenal young Australian and Olympic sprint swimmer, had gone to Yale University, in America, to continue his studies. It was also suggested that he would make even greater progress as a swimmer in competition with the very fine Americans.

John Marshall has more than fulfilled all that was expected of him. During the winter, competing in the American National Amateur indoor swimming championships, he set up new world record figures for the 220, 300, and 440 yards free-style events, and the 200, 300, and 400 metres.

## SCHOOLBOYS IN SYMPHONY

ONE hundred Leeds schoolboys, representing 20 schools in the city and carefully chosen from over 400 applicants, are giving up their Saturday mornings between now and next October to rehearse their part in the Leeds Triennial Musical Festival.

They will sing with the famous Leeds Festival Choir in Benjamin Britten's new Spring Symphony, which will be conducted by the composer.

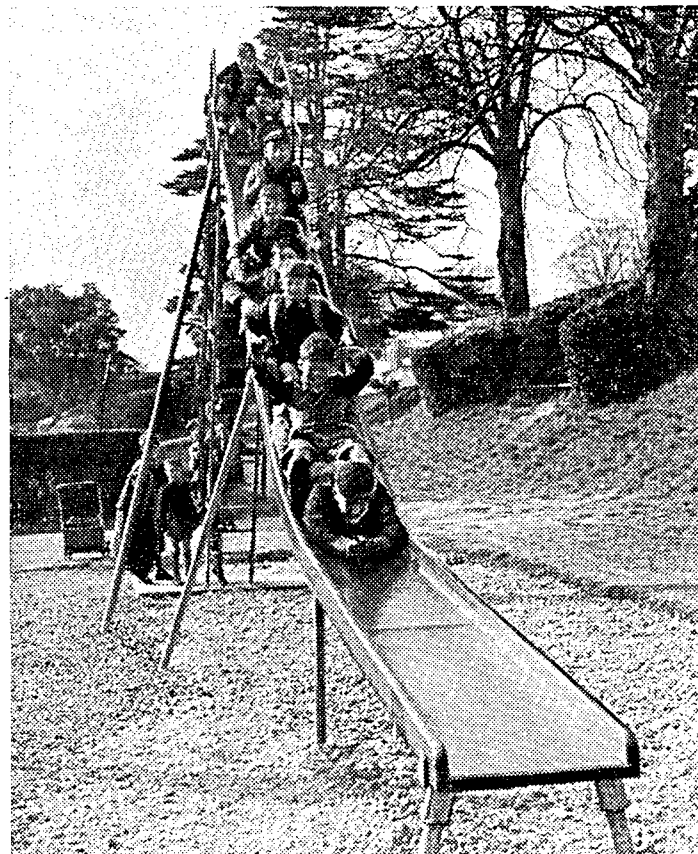
## KING BILLY'S STICK

MRS W. J. EAGLE, of Buninyong, a small Victorian country town, has presented to the Ballarat Historical Museum the walking-stick of "King Billy," the last of the Ballarat tribe of Aborigines, who died 55 years ago. "King Billy's" grave at Ballarat Cemetery is in the care of this historical body.

## WEALTH FROM A CAVERN

A LARGE nodule of Blue John fluorspar, weighing about 4 cwt and estimated to be worth between £700 and £1000, has been unearthed at the Treak Cliff Cavern, Castleton. It was embedded in clay, as is often the case, although in the Treak Cliff Hill—the only area in England where the mineral is found in sufficient quantities to be mined—there are 14 seams which vein the limestone to a depth of 280 feet below the surface.

Further deposits have been discovered in an unexplored area of the cavern, and if they come up to expectation will help to augment available supplies of Blue John which have become increasingly scarce during recent years.



## Traffic Jam

This crocodile of boys going down the children's slide in a park at Chichester, Sussex, seem to have got stuck half-way.

## HEBREW UNIVERSITY

THE Hebrew University of Jerusalem has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Formally opened by Lord Balfour in April 1925, it began as a small group of scientists and scholars conducting research in the fields of Jewish scholarship, chemistry, and microbiology. Now it has nearly 1800 students, an academic staff of over 200, and fine modern buildings on Mount Scopus.

## HELPING THE WORLD'S BLIND

A UNESCO conference held in Paris recently decided that it was possible to create a unified Braille system for the blind people of all nations. Most of the delegates were blind, and they represented many languages.

They all agreed that this worldwide system would have to be adapted from the original system invented by the blind Frenchman Louis Braille in 1829, which has been the foundation of all alphabets read by touch.

The new system would be called World Braille, and the conference recommended the setting up of a World Braille Council to organise its development.

The conference also proposed that all people working to help the blind should henceforward commemorate the anniversary of Louis Braille's birth, January 4.

## RENT 1s 6d

AN old Poor Law Overseer's book for the township of Upton by Chester (Cheshire) has been found in the church safe and handed over to the parish council. It covers the period 1741 to 1894, and among its items which make curious reading today are coffins priced at 9s each, cottage rentals of between 1s 6d and 2s per week, and suits costing £1.

## CHICKS' QUICK CHANGE

MILLIONS of chicks are sent out to farms all over the country from the hatcheries at this time of year.

In order to minimise the risk of the one-day-old chicks catching cold, a Lincolnshire farmer—Mr F. E. Sowerby of Bullington, Market Rasen—is collecting them by aeroplane.

He is pilot and part owner of a plane, and can get 27 boxes (about 650 chicks) in the cockpit and fly them the hundred miles from Cambridgeshire in about an hour. If the chicks were sent by rail the journey would be one of 36 hours, with risks from the cold. But as collected by Mr Sowerby, the little fellows can be in a heated brooder in their new home less than two hours after leaving their incubators—a quick change indeed!

## KEEPER OF THE PEACE

LASSIE, a pet lamb, is the self-appointed "boss" of an Inverness farm; but it is all in the cause of peace.

Among other inhabitants of the farmyard are hens, ducks, and a temperamental old turkey. Now this old "bubbly jock," as the turkey is called in Scotland, is normally well-behaved. Occasionally, however, it gets flighty and causes the feathers to fly, the cockerels being the chief targets. It is then that Lassie intervenes by butting them apart; and once the contestants are separated she forms herself into a woolly barrier between the warriors.

## STAMP NEWS

TWO special stamps are to be issued for the 1951 Festival of Britain. At the same time the 2s 6d, 5s, 10s, and £1 stamps will be issued in new colours and designs.

It has been estimated that over 3000 new stamps were issued last year.

EVERY year on May 13 a pilgrimage is made in Portugal to the shrine of "Our Lady of Fatima"; this year the occasion is to be marked, for the first time, with a special set of stamps.

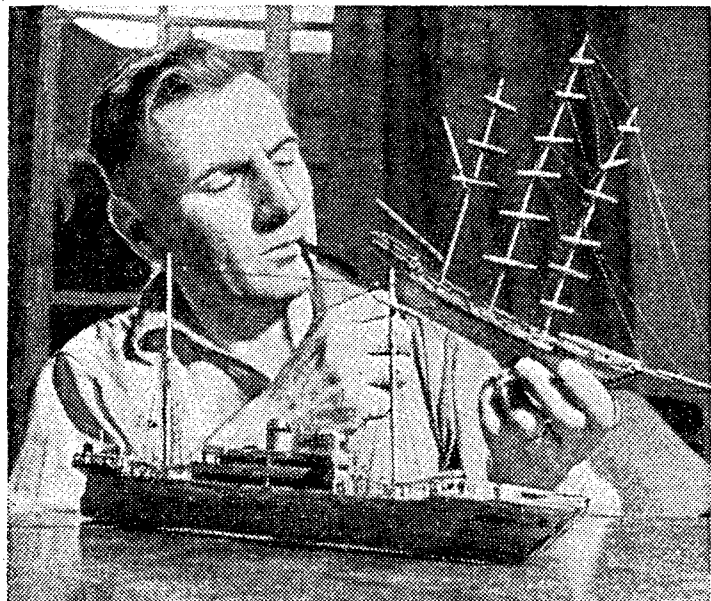
THE accession to the Throne of Monaco of Prince Rainier III is commemorated by eight new stamps, including two airmail.

## BEACH LANDING

THE pilot of a storm-tossed glider recently landed safely on a shingle beach at Folkestone.

He was Flight Lieutenant Miller, instructor at the Detling Glider School near Maidstone. He had set out in clear weather to try to reach a height of 10,000 feet, but when he reached the coast a thunderstorm broke.

He tried to alight at the airfield at Hawkinge near Folkestone, but was unable to do so. Then he was lost in the storm until he found himself over two miles out to sea off Folkestone. He steered his engineless plane towards the shore and brought it down on the shingle close to the harbour and only ten yards from the water's edge. The glider was hardly damaged and the pilot was unhurt.



## Match-Stick Models

These scale models of ships, old and new, were built from used matches by Mr Fred Dickens of Pill, Somerset.



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"My winter sleep is ended," says the friendly hedgehog, as he...

## GRUNTS IN THE GARDEN

A LOW-PITCHED grunting heard in many a garden has revealed that the hedgehogs have wakened from their winter sleep.

At first the little spiny creatures are apt to be sluggish, moving slowly along the garden paths in search of beetles and field mice, caterpillars and snails, and even the eggs of small birds. Even in late winter a spell of warm weather will sometimes bring them out to seek food.

Above all hedgehogs seem to like milk. A gardener at Tamworth in Staffordshire long made a habit of placing saucers of milk

on the edge of the lawn as dusk approached in the weeks of high summer. No sooner would the Sun sink behind a wood when out of a thicket would come a hedgehog escorting her five urchins—as the young hedgehogs are called. Next morning not a drop of milk would remain.

Hedgehogs have been seen to eat snakes. Even the adder—our only poisonous snake, distinguished by the black zig-zag markings—is sometimes swallowed. One observer, Robert Smith, who held the proud position of "Rat-catcher to the Royal Family" in the 18th century, declared that hedgehogs ate crabs.

One Staffordshire hedgehog spends each day sleeping beneath the brambles at the base of an elm tree where a pair of tawny owls lodge. Other hedgehogs prefer to live in rabbit holes.

Hedgehogs are fortunate in having few foes. Badgers and foxes may attack them; and although some dogs will do so, most are content to bark at them—from a safe distance. For on

seeing a strange person or animal the hedgehog quickly rolls itself into a prickly ball that is not easily picked up either by men or dogs.

Occasionally hedgehogs may be seen swimming, but although they appear to be quite at home in a small stream or pond most of their water adventures come through accidentally falling in. It is very doubtful if they really like water.

These quaint creatures are probably more numerous in Britain than is generally realised. They are found in the London parks and in many gardens in the outer suburbs, while there cannot be many villages in Britain without a number of hedgehogs.

Some observers, indeed, consider that they have grown more abundant in recent years and, if true, this is no bad thing, for hedgehogs are attractive animals, harmless to man, and even allies of the farmer and gardener. No one who has made "friends" with a family of wild hedgehogs can fail to like them.

## Village of Tweed

MR J. P. NEWELL, a producer of Harris tweed in Stornaway, has made a model village entirely of this fabric. Houses, fields, flowers, roads, even the lighthouse and ships in the harbour, are represented by every known shade of tweed. The roads are a dusty grey, the lochs a summer blue, and sheep graze on a green "tweed" hill.



## EUROPE'S FAR NORTH

IN the northernmost regions of Scandinavia dwell the Lapps, a people who live largely by hunting and fishing, while many of them are nomads. The reindeer supplies them with milk, meat, and clothing, and harnessed to the small boat-shaped sledge called a pulk (seen in the picture on the left), it is their chief means of transport. The reindeer herds have to be kept on the move in search of fresh pasture.



## Australia's Own Great Sphinx

EACH year, on the Sunday before Anzac Day (April 25) ex-Service men from all over Australia hold a special service of remembrance before the Sphinx War Memorial at Kuring-gai Chase, New South Wales. This memorial has a story all of its own, writes a C.N. Correspondent who has recently visited the shrine.



Private William T. Shirley, of the 13th Battalion, Australian Imperial Forces, generally known as Bill, was a stonemason by trade. When the call to arms came in 1914, Bill joined up, went to Gallipoli, and then to France by way of Egypt. On the Western Front Bill was badly gassed; he was sent back to Australia and invalided out.

By 1925 Bill Shirley had become a very sick man, and he was admitted to the Lady Davidson Home at Kuring-gai Chase, in the heart of glorious bush country south of the Hawkesbury River. There he wandered, and wondered. What could he do?

At last Bill had a great idea. He remembered seeing the Great Sphinx of Gizeh when he was in Egypt, and decided that he would carve out of the sandstone rocks on the neighbouring hillside a small replica of the Sphinx as a memorial to his fallen comrades.

Bill obtained the exact dimensions of the original, and for a year and a half he applied himself to this self-imposed task, working to a scale of about one-eighth of an inch. But the work

took a great toll of Bill's remaining strength, and less than two years after he had finished his labour of love he died of tuberculosis.

The monument bears the inscription "To My Glorious Comrades of the A.I.F." and, below, Kipling's words "Lest We Forget." Now Bill himself is one of that glorious company who are remembered each year at Kuring-gai Chase.

Last year, as the gum tree leaves danced in the autumn breeze by the Great Sphinx Memorial, about a thousand men attended the special service of remembrance and paid tribute to Bill and his comrades.

## Britain Will Display Her Books

WHEN Britain shows herself off to the world, as she is to do at next year's Festival, it is fitting that books should be prominent in the display; for it is chiefly through literature that the British people can claim a leading place in the general culture of the civilised world.

The whole range of British

books will be shown at an official Festival book exhibition to be organised by the National Book League at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

This exhibition is planned to be in sections, each one dealing with a different aspect of our life and history. Thus the first section will be concerned with The Child, and will consist of books about or for children ranging from *Alice in Wonderland* to Wordsworth's *Prelude*.

The Family Section will be concerned with home life and the portrayal of domestic scenes, in which Victorian writers will have a considerable part. The Townsman will deal with architecture and the growth of our great cities.

Other sections will be called: The Venturer; The Free Citizen—in which the British people's struggle for freedom will be illustrated; The Scientist and Inventor; The Sportsman; The Countryman; the Poet; The Story-teller; The Historian; The Spectator; Characters and Eccentrics.

Books will also be on view in the main Exhibition on the south bank of the Thames, but these will be chosen to show, through the printed word, the British contribution to the development of the sciences, arts, and recreations.

There are to be book displays in many other places; in Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland; at Bath, Cheltenham, York, and several other towns. And there will be an exhibition of printing at the Kentish village of Tenterden, the reputed birthplace of Caxton, the pioneer of the British printed book.



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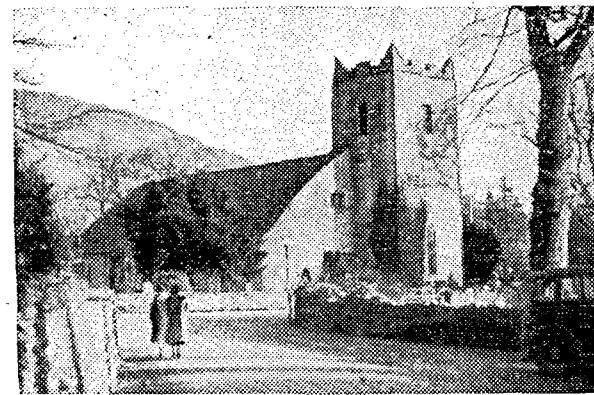
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The Grammar School at Hawkshead



Dove Cottage, the poet's home at Grasmere



The old church at Grasmere

## Wordsworth, Master Singer of Nature

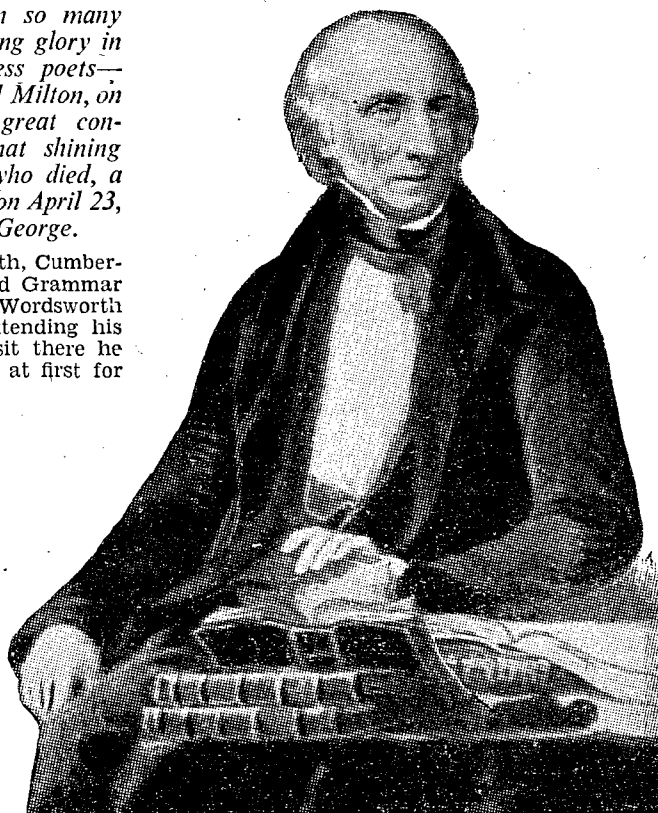
BRITISH greatness, displayed in so many aspects of life, has its crowning glory in more than five centuries of matchless poets—from Chaucer, from Shakespeare and Milton, on to Tennyson, Browning, and our great contemporaries. Not the least of that shining company is William Wordsworth, who died, a veteran of 80, exactly a century ago on April 23, the day of Shakespeare and of St George.

BORN on April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth, Cumberland, and educated at Hawkshead Grammar School and Cambridge University, Wordsworth developed his love of walking by extending his rambles to France. On a second visit there he stayed for 13 months, full of ardour at first for the reforms that brought the French Revolution. The terrible excesses, however, shocked the young poet out of his passion for that liberty in whose name such crimes could be committed, and he returned a sadder, wiser man.

For some years his means were scanty, but later he enjoyed a small regular income, and was free to devote himself without anxiety to the pursuit of poetry. Until his marriage his home was directed by his sister Dorothy, whose talents as an observer of Nature matched his own.

WE can trace Dorothy Wordsworth's hand from time to time in her brother's poems, and once, with brilliant effect, in Coleridge, who had an important part in their early lives. Coleridge and Wordsworth were undergraduates together at Cambridge, and later, when neighbours in a Somerset village, they collaborated in a book of poems called *Lyrical Ballads*. The aim was for Coleridge to write romance in accordance with Nature and probability, while Wordsworth revealed poetry in the commonplace and, brushing aside the stiff and stilted language of their time, wrote verse that even children could understand and enjoy.

THE chief result at first was Coleridge's fine poem *The Ancient Mariner*. In a second



edition of the book Wordsworth revealed his plan for humanising the language of poetry, which was to hold a mirror up to nature and exclude pretentious formality, bombast, and conventional extravagance. The angry controversy that resulted must be read in a history of literature, but it is to be noted here that by this effort the two young poets, and notably Wordsworth, effected a revolution in our poetry, to give it new life and loveliness. William and Dorothy settled in the Lake District, making Grasmere their home. William married and prospered, and together with his beloved sister travelled at home and in

Europe. All the cultured world came to acclaim the genius of Wordsworth, ranking him next to Milton among English poets. His output was immense, for he continued writing poetry almost to the end, even after inspiration had left him.

IN spite of his learning, his travels, and his friendships with famous people, Wordsworth remained much of a peasant in dress and bearing. Mr Gladstone told how the poet, on visiting him in London, would, on leaving, change his silk stockings in the ante-room and put on his rustic grey worsted ones. But, despite the worsted stock-

ings, and his homespun humour, there remained the serene genius.

THE supreme poet of Nature, Wordsworth was stimulated by the sights and sounds around him to a thousand lovely thoughts and fancies; he put into words the sense of wonder and delight that others merely feel. How perfect is his picture of one who hears, but cannot see the cuckoo, and cries,

*O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird  
Or but a wandering voice?*

We may well believe him when he says

*My heart leaps high when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky.*

And while we admire his boyhood enthusiasm in pursuing a butterfly, he makes us love his sister because

*... she, God bless her! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.*

KNOWING, as he says, that Nature would never betray the heart that loved her, Wordsworth gave himself to the study of her secrets as never poet did before, and he could not understand that anyone should know less of the subject than he. It is with horror that he speaks of "Peter Bell" because

*A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more.*

Wordsworth was moved to song by every bird and flower; his affection for the lark and the nightingale was not greater than for the sparrow. A daisy set his spirits rejoicing, and he bequeathed us an unforgettable poem on daffodils:

*I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales  
and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils*

*Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

Ten thousand of them he sees at a glance, like stars in the Milky Way.

LACK of space forbids quotations from the longer poems, such as the famous *Ode to Immortality* that served to immortalise him; and the detached masterpieces, *The Prelude*, *The Excursion*, and a fragmentary third portion, *The Recluse*. These the poet had intended to combine in one great poem, but the task proved beyond even his vast fund of imagination and mental energy. There are, however, radiant gems among the lesser works, such as *Lucy Gray*, *We are Seven*, and other favourites of young and old alike.

Next to Shakespeare, Wordsworth is the most-quoted of all our poets. His are such lines as "The child is father of the man," "The world is too much with us,"

and these lines in the *Ode to Duty*

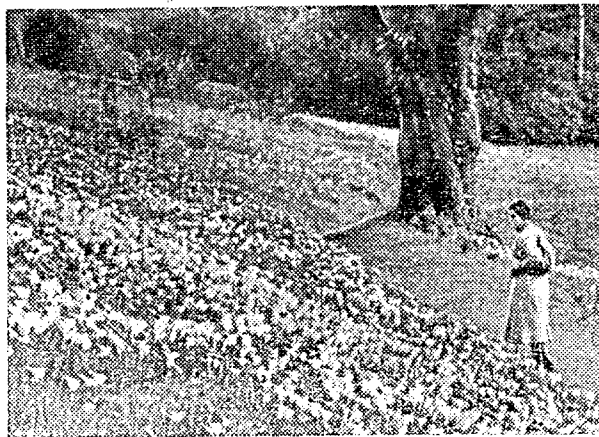
*Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice.*

Wordsworth has lovely verses, for the winds, for the streams, for the cataracts, for clouds and echoes, for every visible and invisible thing in the sky, on the earth, and in the waters everywhere; and the great problems of religion, philosophy, and political issues stir the depths of the most carefully-wrought of his longer works.

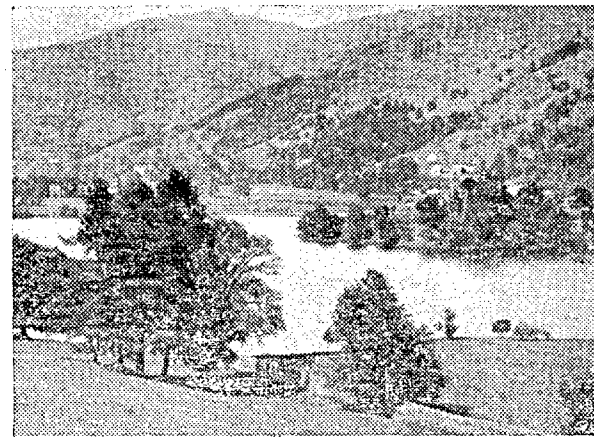
IT is exactly a century since he was laid to rest at his beloved Grasmere, where thousands from near and far have visited his grave and kept its verdure green. It remains a place of pilgrimage for all who honour the memory of our sweetest singer of Nature in all her moods.



Rydal Mount, the poet's last home



The daffodils of Dora's Field, Rydal



The beauty of Grasmere





### Not Too Many Cooks

At this domestic science college in London two women from Nigeria and one from Ceylon are receiving instruction in cooking.

## A Bull in a China Shop

ARRANGING things in a shop window is an art in itself, and art students have for some time been making a study of window-dressing with a view to taking it up as a career. Recently a window-dressing competition for students of London and the Home Counties was organised by the Regent Street Association and the Council of Industrial Design.

What makes us stop and look in shop windows, and how much time do we spend looking? A schoolboy is not likely to waste any time at a shop window filled with ladies' hats, but if a model railway is displayed he will nearly wear out the plate glass with his nose; on the other hand, his elder sister always seems prepared to linger at the hat shop

till the sands of the desert grow cold.

Yet one of the judges at the competition, Mr St Julian-Brown, who said he had spent 30 years putting things in shop windows, stated that the average time the average person takes to pass a shop window is ten seconds.

Another judge said that a window display should be bold, simple, striking, and witty; it should make people stop in their tracks. This was illustrated at the competition by a china shop display in which the students had placed the figure of a bull!

The winners were the Royal College of Art. Beckenham School of Art were second, and the Canterbury College of Arts and Crafts third.

## DICKENS AS AN ACTOR

MANY lovers of Dickens will be surprised to hear that the great novelist was a talented amateur actor. He ran his own company and staged plays in his private theatre at Tavistock House, in London, which Forster, his biographer, describes as "the smallest theatre in the world."

On April 22 the Dickens Fellowship is to produce in the Rudolf Steiner Hall, London, one of the plays first acted by Dickens's company nearly a century ago.

The play is a melodrama called *The Lighthouse*, and it was specially written for Dickens by Wilkie Collins, the Victorian

novelist. Dickens himself played the part of the picturesque old lighthouse-keeper, and included in the cast were his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, his eldest daughter, and Wilkie Collins. The play was given in the cause of charity and every night the public crowded the little theatre to the doors. Thomas Carlyle, who was no easy-going critic, went one evening and was impressed by Dickens's performance in the main part.

On April 22 a grand-daughter of Dickens, Mrs Alec Waley, will appear in the part first played by Georgina Hogarth.

## Where Water Crushes

THE Navy has been carrying out experiments off Scotland to find out to what depth a submarine can descend before it is crushed by the pressure of the water.

Submarines—with no-one in them, of course—were lowered by apparatus similar to that used for raising the wrecked *Truculent*. As the experimental submarine was let down deeper and deeper, hydrophone and Asdic equipment recorded to those above the increasing strain on its hull. When the vessel finally collapsed there was a loud explosion.

Then the crushed submarine was raised again so that it could be carefully studied.

Actually, vessels containing living men have reached lower depths than those which crushed these submarines. Last year an American, Dr Otis Barton, was lowered to a depth of 4500 feet, the record for a man's descent into the ocean.

He was lowered in a hollow steel ball which had sides two inches thick and quartz windows three inches thick, and so could withstand the tremendous pressure of the water at that depth.

## UNPOPULAR TAXES

HOWEVER unfavourably Sir Stafford Cripps' new Budget is viewed, it certainly contains no measure as unpopular as the old hearth tax. This hated tax, which was introduced in 1662, was the first tax to affect houses, and it meant that householders had to pay two shillings for every hearth or stove, only the very poor being exempt.

Tax-collecting in those days was a rather haphazard business. The collection of the hearth tax was farmed out to so-called "chimney men," who had powers to enter any house to check the number of fireplaces; and it was this encroachment on privacy that made the tax so unpopular.

The tax was abolished shortly after William III came to the throne, but a few years later, in 1696, the almost equally unpopular window tax was introduced.

To modern minds a tax on windows is unthinkable. It was a tax on light and air—on health itself. But our ancestors did not look at it in that way—at least, they thought, as they grudgingly paid up, there were no "window men" forcing their way into the houses as the chimney men had done.

### Blocked Windows

Many householders blocked up their windows. If today we see a house with a window blocked up we can be almost sure that the house was built before 1851, when the tax was repealed.

It was another tax that killed the fashion of powdering the hair, which came into general use about the middle of the 18th century. In 1795 Pitt introduced a tax on the powder to help to pay for the war against France, and prominent members of the Whig party vowed never again to powder their hair. They kept that vow, and the custom of wearing the hair short gradually spread. In 1855 the tax was dropped, but the custom of using powder on the hair never returned.

### On the Threshold



On her first official visit to Lancashire Princess Margaret opened the new premises of the Warrington Boys' Club.

## The Editor's Table

### ST GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

ST GEORGE'S DAY, April 23, is a day of high renown in our national calendar. Linked with Shakespeare's birthday it symbolises the spirit of youth and conquest of evil. The cross of St George flying from hundreds of church towers throughout the land will be a reminder to the present generation of their inheritance and imperishable duty.

*For us the glorious dead have striven,  
They battled that we might be free.  
We to their living cause are given;  
We arm for men that are to be.*

That call from the past sounds again on St George's day. Our country is always at its greatest when it is serving great causes for the sake of the whole human race. Our people reach their finest hour when their actions are nobly disinterested.

St George's spirit is alive in England's youth. Whenever a high call to valour and dedication of service is sounded there is no doubt about the response.

Perhaps that call is not sounded often enough, and the dragons of evil to be overcome are not disclosed too readily; and perhaps the bugle notes of crusade are too muffled. Youth, however, is ready to serve whenever its generous impulses are moved, and its crusading zeal linked to big tasks. The spirit of St George lives on.

### HER VERY OWN HOUSE

MRS AGNES TAYLOR, once an American schoolteacher, is now 84. But age has not diminished her vigour, nor dimmed her enthusiasms.

Some time ago she was watching a group of house-builders at work, and what they were doing seemed simple enough, and even possible for any intelligent woman to copy. So Mrs Taylor made a decision: she planned her own little home in New York State, and began to build.

For a year now she has worked six hours every day on a three-roomed home. She has completed the concrete foundation, the frame, and the walls, and she is now starting on the roof. And during the coming summer Mrs Taylor hopes to invite her friends to a house-warming, to see the handwork of a lady who refused to admit she was "past work."

### THE YOUNG IDEA

WE have long been aware that many parents are a disappointment to their children; but we have never seen the reason for this stated quite so explicitly as in a child's essay quoted recently by Mrs J. Edward Mason, Director of Education for Notts.

This youngster had no doubts at all about the matter, and wrote: *We get our parents so late in life that it is impossible to do anything with them.*

### Healthier Britons

THE death rates among school-children in England and Wales in 1948 were less than half what they were in 1938. This is revealed in a recent report of the Ministry of Health. Although measles and whooping cough were prevalent, deaths from these complaints were fewer than ever.

The year 1948 broke other health records. The civilian death rate of eleven in 1000 was the lowest ever recorded, and deaths from all forms of tuberculosis also reached a new low level.

There were, however, some setbacks. Cases of food poisoning increased, and the shortage of nurses and domestic staff in hospitals meant that patients often had to wait for admission. But, on the whole, the Report gives very encouraging news of the campaign to make us a nation of healthy people.

### A PENSION SCHEME FOR OLD HORSES

THE National Council for Animals' Welfare propose that a chain of Homes of Rest should be established throughout the country, where horses, after years of faithful service, could end their days in peace. These Homes would be paid for by small voluntary annual contributions from horse-owners and also by contributions from horse-lovers and other humane people.

It is suggested that such extensive horse-users as the National Coal Board, British Railways, Co-operative Societies, Borough and Urban District Councils, Brewery Companies, farmers and traders, should be asked to join the scheme.

At present this is only an idea, but we are confident it will be supported by all who love the horse. The Council's address is 126 Royal College Street, London, N.W.1.

### JUST AN IDEA

As Francis Bacon wrote, *To choose time is to save time.*

## Under the Ed

BLINKING is an effective eye exercise. All who practise it have pupils.

A MAN says his ducks never lay blue eggs. Must be off colour.

SCIENTISTS want to find out if fish talk to each other. Better drop them a line.

FLATS will be cheaper to build if rooms are lower. Prices cannot be brought down unless ceilings are.



A CERTAIN Zoo has ordered a secretary. Will they provide it with a typewriter?



## THINGS SAID

I CANNOT find all the partners I would like because the men say I dance too fast and make them dizzy.

90-year-old Mrs Mary Sturgeon  
of Bury St Edmunds

I BELIEVE that in all of Europe there is no nation which is convinced of the necessity of a European Union as much as the Germans.

Dr Adenauer

IT is a modest hope that we can bury you in bacon.

The Irish Minister of Agriculture

THE House of Commons is the foe of tyrants, whatever uniform they wear, whatever formulas they use.

Mr Churchill

## Cricketers of Tomorrow

THE MCC, guardian of England's cricket traditions, has sent a note to all cricket clubs in the country. It is one of those notes which call for action rather than a polite reply.

The MCC wants the clubs to look after local youngsters who have a promising bowling or batting style. Its advice is to open the nets and the pitches to ads of the county who show promise. It is hoped that every club will think of itself as a cricket nursery where the Comptons and Huttons and Hammonds of the future may be found and nurtured.

When all is said and done, first-class cricketers do not get their prowess by magic; they earn on some village green, or at a club's practice nets, pupils of somebody who takes trouble with somebody else's promising lads.

## TRUTH WILL PREVAIL

METHINKS the truth shall live from age to age,  
As twere retailed to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

Shakespeare

## itor's Table

PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO  
KNOW

What makes a  
coconut shy



AN author has written a book describing how to live on nothing. Perhaps that is what he expects to make out of it.

SOME traders demand that the price of socks should be raised. Customers will pull them up.

SOME people make rules only to break them. That is their rule.

PEOPLE of Great Britain are a stable society. Have plenty of horse sense.

## Knowledge For Its Own Sake

OUR many scientific conveniences and comforts today have come from the discoveries of men who had no thought whatever of the practical application of their knowledge.

This was pointed out recently by Professor Andrade at the 60th anniversary of the Woolwich Polytechnic.

"The electron—may it never be of any use to anybody," was the toast given, he said, when he was a student and when the electron was being studied by J. J. Thomson, O. W. Richardson, C. T. R. Wilson, and others. Yet their work led to electronic engineering, expressions of which are the apparatus used in broadcasting, television, and so on.

Men like these were "driven by some inward urge to investigate how Nature works." Thus Faraday was fascinated by the problem of producing electric current from a magnet. But from his discovery came the electric motor and the dynamo in all its forms.

"Appleton's investigations of the electrical properties of the upper atmosphere . . . made radar possible and so saved England," the Professor continued, and he urged his audience to think of science as a seeking for knowledge for its own sake.

## THE DEWY GRASS

CONSIDER what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, countless, and peaceful spears of the field! Follow but for a little time the thought of all that we ought to recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths, the rest in noonday heat, the joy of the herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of the sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks and soft blue shadows . . . pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dented by happy feet, softening in their fall the sound of loving voices.

John Ruskin

## Sweet Remembrance

I SEE her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tuneful birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs

By fountain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns

## MAKE FRIENDS NOW

HE who loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age, will hardly love them enough afterwards to understand them.

Lord Clarendon.

## CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

WHEN the captain of a British ship in the Atlantic was injured not long ago, American sailors and airmen combined to save his life. The ship was the *Fort Bedford*, and her Master, Captain P. D. Townsend, was showing his crew how to use star rockets as distress signals when one of them exploded and shattered his hand.

Captain Townsend kept cool and ordered a wireless appeal for medical help to be sent out. This was picked up by the U.S. Naval Transport *General Maurice Rose* which took five hours to reach the *Fort Bedford* and come alongside. Captain Townsend was taken on board the American ship where his hand had to be amputated. But anti-gangrene toxin was needed, and the *General Maurice Rose* sent a wireless message to U.S. Naval Headquarters in London asking for some.

The message was then sent on to Germany, and an American plane took off and flew to the *General Maurice Rose*, which was then off the Scilly Isles, and dropped the anti-toxin on her deck.

Captain Townsend's endurance was highly praised by the American surgeon. After waiting for five hours with his hand in a mangled condition, the Captain walked up to the American surgeon, apologised for stopping his ship, and calmly asked him to cut his hand off. The British captain is 52 years old and lives at Carshalton, Surrey.

## In Father's Footsteps

WHEN the English men's hockey team turn out at Aberdeen on Saturday for the annual international match with Scotland, all eyes will be upon Geoffrey Stocks, England's centre-forward.

Stocks is a name to be conjured with in the hockey world, for in years gone by Denys Stocks earned 26 English international caps. That much-honoured player is today Sir Denys Stocks, President of the English Hockey Association.

In March his son Geoffrey was chosen to represent England for the first time, in the match against Wales. He took the field wearing the England badge which had adorned his father's shirt when Sir Denys first played for his country—against Ireland in 1908. New honour was brought to the Stocks' hockey reputation, for young Geoffrey scored a hat-trick of goals.

## Where Shakespeare's Theatre Stood

THE exact position of the Globe Theatre, where many of Shakespeare's plays were first performed, has long been the subject of controversy; but its site seems to have been fixed beyond all doubt by the recent discovery at the Guildhall of a map of 1618.

This map is reproduced in the 23rd volume of the great *Survey of London*—a work which has been going on since 1900; and it confirms the belief that the Globe stood on the south side of Park Street—which used to be Maid Lane—close to where it crossed the Southwark Bridge Road.

The Globe Theatre has become familiar to millions because of

the reconstruction made for Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*. It was built in 1599, Shakespeare himself being one of those who established it and acted there. There his four great tragedies were first produced: *Hamlet* in 1602, *Othello* in 1604, *Macbeth* and *King Lear* in 1606. The theatre, which was built of wood, was burned down in 1613 but rebuilt the following year. Could the folk of the 17th century have known what undying fame awaited the lines first spoken there, they would not have allowed this precious relic to be demolished in 1644.

Outside, the theatre was six-sided, and a large flag flew on its roof during performances. Over the entrance door was its sign—Hercules carrying the globe—with the motto: *Totus mundus agit histrionem*, which might be translated: All the world's a stage.

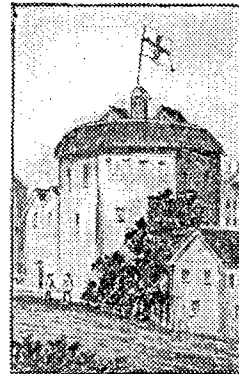
Inside it was circular, small but lofty, and with thatched roofs over the stage and side galleries; the pit, or "yard," as the Elizabethans called the centre

part, was open to the sky. All round were three galleries, one on top of another, with seats in them for people willing to pay more than the "groundlings" in the yard. The stage itself projected into the pit, and supported another higher stage like a gallery, on two columns at the back.

On each side of the stage were seats which cost an extra sixpence each. These were generally occupied by foppish young men who liked to show off and display their fine clothes to the audience. There were blue silk hangings on the stage, and these were changed to black for night scenes.

The theatre's architecture was really a copy of the inn-yards where plays were performed before any theatres were built—the stage being set up in the yard and the audience standing there or watching from the galleries round the courtyard.

Much else of ancient Southwark is described in this 23rd volume of the *Survey*, which is published by the LCC, at 30s. We are reminded, for example, that the slang word "clink" for prison came from the little prison called the Clink which was under the Bishop of Winchester's Palace in Southwark. Part of the structure of this medieval palace still survives in the walls of flour warehouses in Clink Street.



## QUIZZING THE EMPIRE

SINCE the end of the war some 3431 organised parties of schoolboys and girls have visited the fascinating exhibition galleries of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington, states the Institute's Annual Report for 1949.

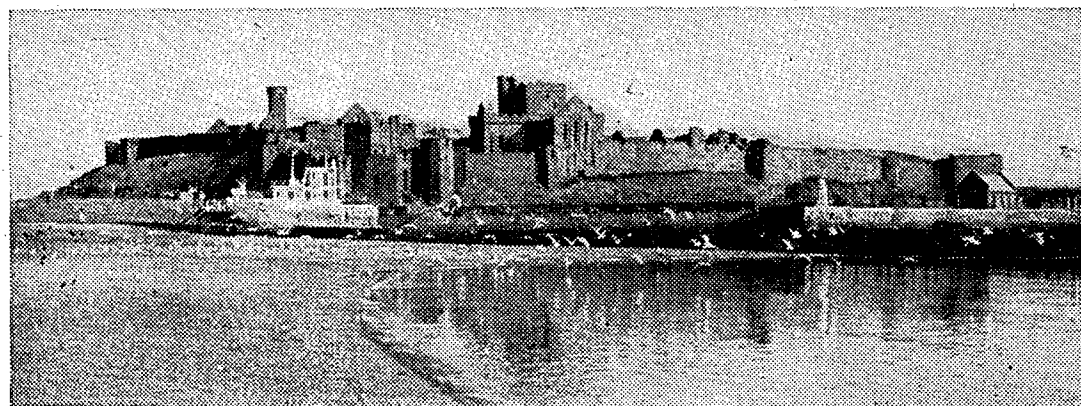
Last year the Quizzes were a great success and hundreds of boys and girls enjoyed themselves and learned much about the Empire by going round the galleries to find the answers to the questions.

Another popular feature was the relief map of Australia on which toy animals show the

distribution of cattle, sheep, pigs, and so on. This method is being extended to relief maps of other British countries, where not only domestic, but wild animals will in some cases be shown.

Before the end of this year almost every court in the galleries will have been reorganised and improved for the benefit of visitors to the Festival of Britain next year.

Another innovation will be portable Story Exhibits for loan to schools. The Institute's Empire lecturers had a busy year in 1949, giving 3344 lectures. School audiences totalled 410,599.



## OUR HOMELAND

Early morning by the seashore at Peel, in the Isle of Man



## Roman Jig-Saw Puzzle

A HUGE 5000-piece jig-saw puzzle, created 1600 years ago by a fire which destroyed a Roman villa at Lullingstone, Kent, is being slowly assembled at the Institute of Archaeology.

The jig-saw pieces, some of them eight or ten inches in width, are fragments of painted wall plaster from the walls of a room which fell into the basement. The colours range from deep purples and browns to pale lilac, green, and saffron. They were recovered by archaeologists during the excavation of the villa, and then dried out and transported to London.

The huge task of piecing the fragments together has now begun, and shows the decoration scheme to consist of painted columns with human figures, trees, birds, and scroll designs.

The work of reconstructing the wall decoration scheme of a Roman villa from debris of this kind is thought by archaeologists to be unprecedented in this country; it may throw valuable light on interior decoration during the later years of the Roman occupation of Britain, and on the costume and adornments of the period.

## SALMON'S SENSE OF SMELL

CAN migrating salmon smell their way back from the sea to the stream where they were born? Two American zoologists think so.

Professor Arthur D. Hasler and Research Assistant Warren Wisby recently told a convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that they have been able to train young fish to distinguish between the natural odours of different streams. They think that the sense of smell in certain fishes helps them to find their way.

How a coastal salmon gets back home has puzzled scientists for years. The fish is born in a fresh-water river, but when it is strong enough to make the journey it migrates to the ocean for four years, and then returns unerringly to its home waters to spawn and die.

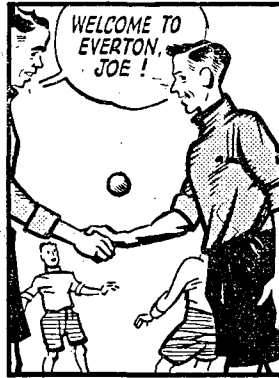
## Steps to Sporting Fame



Joe Mercer, winner of all the big football honours save one, hopes to add that, too, when he leads Arsenal in the FA Cup Final.



Born at Ellesmere Port, Joe's earliest awards for football came from a local greengrocer who patronised his side—6d and a bag of vegetables. His first honour was to play for Cheshire Schoolboys.



At 16 he joined Everton, where the first to shake his hand was the great "Dixie" Dean. Joe helped Everton to win the League Championship in 1939 and was capped for England.

## Joe Mercer



In November 1946 he joined Arsenal and was their captain when they topped the League the following season. When he leaves football Joe will give all his time to his grocery business at Hoylake.

Phil Taylor, Liverpool's captain, will be the subject of a cartoon next week

## ROBERT BROWNE'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

THE right to worship God as the conscience dictates has long been cherished in this country. It is moreover one of the basic freedoms of the Charter of the United Nations.

The man who first fought for this great freedom, Robert Browne, was born at Toilethorpe, Rutlandshire, four hundred years ago. The exact date of his birth is unknown, and no one has been able to discover where he was buried.

Robert Browne deserves remembrance because one of his

ideas is still very powerful in the world. He came from an ancient Lincolnshire family, was educated at Cambridge, and became a schoolmaster in London, where on Sundays he preached fervently in the open air. Returning to Cambridge, he was given a licence to preach in 1579, but owing to his attacks on the Established Church of his day that licence was withdrawn.

He then went to Norwich and wandered through various parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, calling the country folk to separate themselves from the world and to form the true Church. His followers were dubbed Brownists or Separatists, and later Independents, and in modern times Congregationalists. They believed the form of the true Church was contained in the local congregation, and not in bishops and ecclesiastical assemblies.

Browne was an argumentative, quick-tempered man, but his idea caught on. In 1581 he was imprisoned in Norwich and then, with a company of followers, crossed the North Sea to Middleburg in Holland, but was back again two years later. He wrote two books which had great effect on thought about the Church; one was called *Reformation With-*

*out Tarrying for Any*, and the other, *Life and Manners of all True Christians*, expounds the theory of the Congregational churches. In 1583 two men in Bury St Edmunds were hanged for circulating the booklets.

Although he was so critical of the Established State Church, Browne eventually became rector of Achurch in Northamptonshire and ministered there for 42 years. When he was eighty he had a dispute with the parish constable and eventually died in Northampton gaol in 1633.

## Museum of Fashion

A COLLECTION of costumes being formed for exhibition in London will show the sequence of fashion from the eighteenth century to our own times. London has no museum specifically devoted to dress, and the Arts Council has made a grant towards the £20,000 needed for the project.

The museum will enable inspection to be made of the cut and structure of specimens. A reference library will also be provided, and typical modern specimens will be added each year.

## Northerners Down South

ON Saturday next (April 22) Wembley Stadium will be invaded by 90,000 devotees of amateur soccer—and the majority of them are likely to come from the North. The Amateur Cup Final—staged for the second time at Wembley—will be contested between those grand north-country clubs, Bishop Auckland and Willington, who have survived from the hundreds of teams who set out on the Cup trail last September.

In 1939 Bishop Auckland and Willington fought out the Final at Roker Park, Sunderland. Will Bishop Auckland repeat their 1939 victory, when they triumphed by 3 goals to nil?

With their experience and reputation the "Bishops" are likely to be winners at Wembley, for no club has a greater record in the Amateur Cup. The famous Durham club have appeared in the Final on twelve occasions, and have lifted the trophy seven times, the first time in 1896. Their last appearance in the Final was in 1946 when they were beaten by Barnet.

A grand game should be provided by these two very fine teams, many of whose members are miners.

## CAPTAIN COOK'S CABBAGE

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, the famous navigator and explorer, claimed 173 years ago that a strange cabbage found on the Antarctic island of Kerguelen contained a remedy for scurvy, and research chemists have now proved that he was right.

The plant was found on Kerguelen Island, near Heard Island, which is almost equidistant from South Africa and Western Australia, in 1776 during Cook's last and fateful voyage. In his records it is mentioned that the cabbage was frequently eaten by the ship's company.

Last year the Australian Antarctic research expedition on Heard Island brought back specimens of the cabbage, and it has now been proved that the heart leaves are rich in an acid that counteracts scurvy.

## Chemistry Way

A MEANS of making roads by hardening soil with chemicals has been discovered by scientists at the Military Engineering Establishment at Christchurch, Hampshire.

Instead of digging out a shallow trench where the new road is to be and filling it with road-building materials, the scientists, with their new method, simply treat the soil with a powder or liquid chemical which causes it to become hard enough to bear tanks and heavy vehicles. They have been experimenting with different kinds of soil at the Establishment's laboratories.

## TREASURE ISLAND—Final Instalment of R. L. Stevenson's Famous Adventure Story



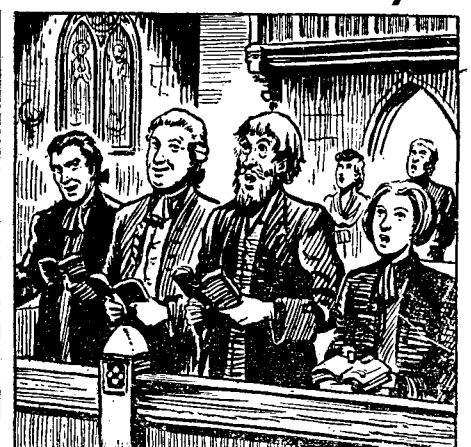
The Doctor explained that Ben Gunn had found the treasure and moved it to a cave before the Hispaniola arrived. When the Doctor had found this out he had not hesitated in giving Long John the now useless treasure chart. It was Ben Gunn who imitated Flint's "ghost voice" to delay the pirates, so that the others might have time to save Jim when the pirates turned on Long John.



The little party then went to the cave where the Squire and the wounded Captain were guarding the treasure. This was piled in great heaps of coin and stacks of gold bars. John politely saluted the Squire, who exclaimed: "John Silver, you're a prodigious villain and impostor, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not." Long John saluted again. "Thank you kindly, sir," he replied.



They spent several days carrying the treasure from the cave and loading it into the Hispaniola. After leaving some supplies for the mutineers, they set sail and reached, first, a port in Spanish America. There, one night, Long John disappeared—taking a small bag of guineas with him. They were not sorry to see the last of him, and they weighed anchor and sailed for Bristol, making a good cruise home.



They all had ample shares of the vast treasure. Ben Gunn was given £1000 and spent it all in less than three weeks, and was back again, begging. He was given the job of lodge-keeper on the Squire's estate. There the old pirate became a model character, a great favourite with the village folk—though something of a butt with the country boys—and a notable singer in the church on Sundays and saints' days.

Watch this page next week for the opening instalment of a picture-version of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice



## A complete short story of

Morgan of the Mounties  
CAUGHT BY  
A COBWEB

by Frank S. Pepper



CORPORAL TIM MORGAN, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, was driving past the lonely cabin where the Bland family lived when he heard a loud crash, followed by a yell.

The corporal stamped on the brake, jumped out, and raced towards the cabin.

Mrs Bland came running out of the cabin, calling for her husband. Then she caught sight of the Mountie, and a look of relief flooded her face.

"Thank goodness you're here, Corporal," she exclaimed. "Ed is up in the woods, tending his traps, and there's been a man here. An awful man. He might have killed me and Alec."

"Is he still inside, ma'am?"

"No, he ran off out the back way when Alec saw him."

"What kind of man was he?" asked Tim as he entered the cabin.

"I don't know. I only heard the crash," answered Mrs Bland. "It was Alec who saw him."

TIM heard the sound of sobbing.

He went through into the kitchen, where he found young Alec Bland, looking very frightened. The place was a mess. A plain wooden cupboard was overturned on the floor and its contents were scattered everywhere. Alec stood surrounded by smashed crockery and broken bottles of preserves.

"What happened?" Corporal Tim asked quietly.

Alec, round-eyed, looked first at his mother, then at Tim.

"I just came in here to get the fishing rod Sookum Charlie made for me, and there was this man trying to get at the cupboard. When he saw me he jumped out of the window. His foot hit the cupboard and it went over."

"Which way did he go?"

"I didn't see," Alec said uncertainly. "Headed for the woods, I guess."

Corporal Tim climbed through the window and searched round carefully, but there was nothing to show which way the intruder had gone.

THE Corporal scowled uneasily.

His was no simple task. Single-handed he was expected to police the entire Hemlock Valley district with its many scattered and lonely homesteads. This unknown intruder who had frightened the Blands could cause a lot of trouble before he was caught.

"What did this man look like?" Tim asked.

"Big," answered Alec. "Nearly as big as you. He wore a fur cap and a leather jacket."

"Did you see his face?" Tim asked quickly. "Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"No, he—he had a mask on his face," Alec declared.

At that moment Tim heard a heavy tread, and big Ed Bland came in.

The trapper looked startled at finding the Mountie in the cabin. He gazed round in surprise at the wreckage.

TIM swiftly explained what had happened, and Ed's face grew gravely anxious.

"This is a bad business, Tim," he muttered. "You've got to catch this fellow soon, or there's going to be big trouble in Hemlock Valley. There are a lot of men like me who have to go off and leave their families alone all day. Nobody's going to have a moment's peace."

"I'll do all I can," promised Tim. "But it's going to be tough."

"You know you can count on all of us for any help you need."

At that moment another man came up the trail with fishing rods on his shoulder. The newcomer was Sookum Charlie, an Indian who was a professional guide to tourists. He was a happy-go-lucky man whose needs were small. He would take a party out for a fortnight's trip, then loaf around cheerfully and do no more work until his money was spent and he needed more.

Best of all he liked to spend an idle day fishing with young Alec. The pair were firm friends and always roaming the woods together.

"Did you pass anyone on the trail, Charlie?" asked Tim.

CHARLIE shook his head. He had seen no one. He listened in amazement while Tim once again repeated Alec's story. Charlie took off his fur cap and rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"Maybe these are one of those fellers I hear of from the radium," he suggested.

"Radium?" frowned Tim.

"You know a radium," Sookum Charlie said impatiently. "A radium's for to listen to."

"The radio!" exclaimed Tim with a sudden grin. "You mean the news about the men who escaped from prison? But that happened five hundred miles from here, and only last night. None of them could possibly have reached Hemlock Valley so soon."

Charlie turned to Alec.

"Got your rod?" he asked. "We will discuss this matter together while we fish."

"I don't want to discuss it," Alec muttered.

"Don't go too far!" Mrs Bland called after them anxiously. "That man may still be in the woods somewhere!"

Corporal Tim made a fresh search of the cabin without finding any clues. He turned to big Ed.

"I'll have to get back to the Post and send a report on this to headquarters," he said. "We'll have the man's description circulated. I'll see that everyone is on the look-out for him."

"Do that," begged Ed. "I

know we can rely on you, Tim. Don't forget, so long as this character is loose no one is safe."

TIM worked hard. He did everything he could think of, but made no progress. At the end of three days he was no nearer picking up the trail of the intruder at the cabin.

In the meantime uneasiness in the Valley spread. There were rumours and false alarms, and there were nervous people who thought they had seen the man in the woods, but although Tim followed up every report he gained no results.

On the third evening his superior, Sergeant Harding, came out from headquarters.

"What's new on this affair at the Bland cabin?" demanded the sergeant.

"Nothing," confessed Tim.

"This is a bad business, Corporal Morgan. Headquarters are very dissatisfied with the way you've handled it so far. The whole countryside has been stirred up. Women are scared of being left alone. It's your job to get to the bottom of this business, and so far you've done precisely nothing."

Tim checked an impulse to ask the sergeant, heatedly, what more he could be expected to do.

"I'm still working on it," he gritted.

"Would it be too much to ask you to give us some results?" suggested the sergeant.

THE next morning, early, Corporal Tim was at the Bland cabin with his car, making his routine trip to collect neighbourhood children and take them to the Hemlock Valley school.

Ed Bland was waiting for Tim on the porch, eager for news.

"Nothing yet," Tim confessed. "It's a mighty queer thing, Ed. In spite of everything we've done we haven't found a single trace of this man. No one but Alec ever set eyes on him. He just vanished into thin air. I begin to wonder—where's Alec? I'd like to ask him a few more questions."

"He was around just a minute ago, waiting for you."

At that moment, from the woods, came a wild yell for help.

"Alec!" gasped Ed in alarm, snatching up a shotgun.

Tim and Ed raced towards the timber. Underfoot the grass was still crisp and crackly with frost. Everywhere, on the branches of the bushes, hung cobwebs spangled with moisture.

They found Alec crouching at the foot of a tree, wide-eyed and bawling. He pointed along a narrow track.

"He went that way! The man I saw in the kitchen!"

"I'll go. You stay here with the boy," rapped Tim.

HE plunged along the path and ran smack into a web spanning the tree-trunks on either side of the path. He drew back, spluttering and wiping his face with his hand.

He turned back, his face sober. He said, "Alec, go on back and wait in the car. I have to talk to your Dad."

When the boy had gone Tim sighed and turned to the trapper.

"Ed, there never was anybody in your cabin. Alec made it all up."

"Are you out of your mind?" gasped Ed.

Continued on page 11



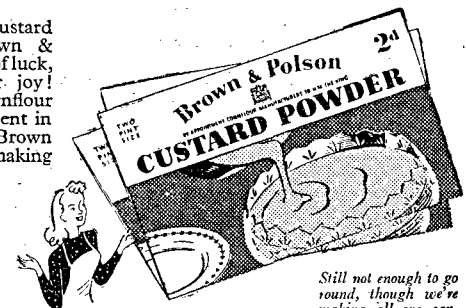
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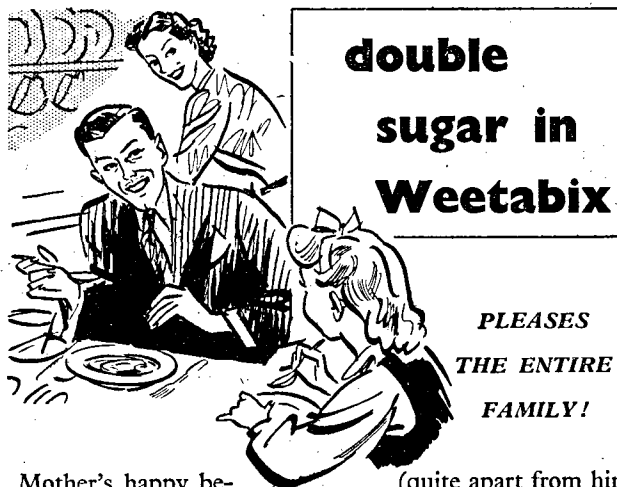


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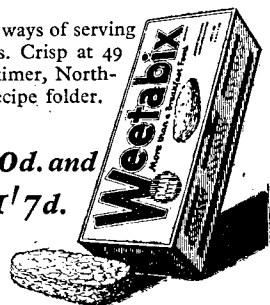
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## Boy Footballers to Tour Germany

ON Thursday (April 20) a party of eighteen schoolboy footballers set out for a 10-day playing tour in Germany. These lucky boys have been selected from the many hundreds playing regularly for the districts of the London Schools F.A.

The boys will stay in Youth Hostels during their tour, and matches are to be played at Cologne, Frankenthal, and Mainz against local schoolboys.

All the chosen players have earned representative honours this season. They include Cooper (West Ham), Twaites (Croydon), and Haynes (Edmonton), all of whom were members of England's Junior Schools XI last season and have this year stepped up to the very top class of schoolboy football.

Our boys can be expected to show the Germans football of the very highest standard. More than that, these young ambassadors will do something to cement the sporting friendship of the younger generation which we all hope to see developed between England and Germany.

## THIS KIND WORLD

WHEN we were very young we could not go to sleep happily unless we had a favourite teddy bear or similar "person" in bed with us. Just such a child in America now goes to bed without his friend, whom he has sent across the Atlantic.

The teddy bear, from an unknown young American, was among toys sent by the American Legion to Dr Barnardo's children, and with it was this note:

"Dear Friend, This is my best toy. I love him very much; I hope you will, too."

## RUGGER DOWN UNDER

THIRTY famous international Rugby players will represent Britain in a tour of New Zealand and Australia this summer. They will play their first match in New Zealand on May 10.

They will play 30 matches altogether, including Tests in New Zealand and Australia during June and July, when we in Britain will be enjoying cricket Test Matches between England and the West Indies.

These 30 players form one of the strongest Rugby Union parties ever to leave our shores. Following a great season, Wales has supplied most of the players, but Ireland and Scotland are also well represented. England has provided only three men, mainly because none of the Oxford or Cambridge players could undertake the long tour owing to examinations.

Dr Karl Mullen, the fine Irish forward, is the captain.

## Oxford Gift to Canberra

A FAMILIAR sight in Oxford is the small procession which is formed whenever the Vice-Chancellor of the University goes anywhere on official business. The man in front is called the Bedel of Arts, and carries a stave with a silver knob on the top—a custom dating back to the days when a weapon was really needed to protect the Vice-Chancellor against ruffians.

The stave which the Bedel of Arts carries today was made in 1723, and as a gesture of good will from an old centre of learning to a new one a silver replica of it is being made and sent out as a gift to the Australian National University in Canberra.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### The Moorhens of Marshy Creek

SUCH a nice little creek it was, winding away from the river across a marshy field where the bulrushes and cotton-grass grew.

"Just the place," said a pair of Moorhens one spring, "for us to build and bring up our babies. No enemy will spy us here, and we will be safe from people in boats."

So a little way along, in the

middle of the

creek on a

tangle of

rushes, they

began to build.

Soon they had

made a firm

platform of

reeds rising

right out of

the water, with

a hollow in the

centre lined

with dried

grasses. There

Mrs Moorhen

laid her ten

eggs, but not so big, and

spotted with a darker

brown.

And as she was sitting

there the blue-winged Swal-

lows came swooping past

after the gnats which danced

above the creek.

"My!" one said. "Why

don't you build high and safe

like us, in the rafters of the

barn?"



But, instead, there were ten fluffy black babies in the nest.

Just as he was watching them, with a "Toot! Toot!" the first steamer of the season came chugging up the river.

In a second one of the huge waves it made came swirling into the creek,

and, to the Swallow's horror, it washed right over the nest.

But he needn't have worried. In a trice he saw that all ten little Moorhens were afloat.

"Karook!" laughed Mrs Moorhen, as she returned. "Didn't you know my babies can swim the moment they're hatched? So things like this don't worry us, you see!"

JANE THORNICROFT

## CHINA CONFUCIUS SET FREE!!



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Philosopher **CONFUCIUS**. Designs depict Confucius himself, Pagodas, Temples, Tombs, etc. Total face value of this unused set is 4,300 dollars!! and the four stamps are red, brown, green and blue. **FREE** Obtain this Historic and interesting set NOW. **FREE!!!** (Enclose 2d. stamp.)

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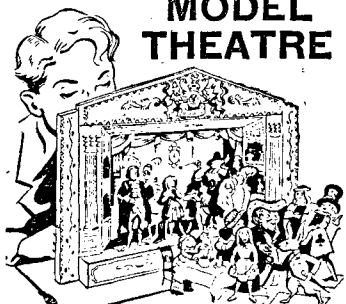
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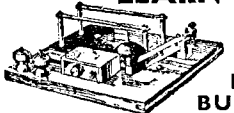


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## MORGAN OF THE MOUNTIES

Continued from page 9

"What must have happened was that Alec tried to raid the cupboard. Maybe he stood on a shelf to reach the preserves at the top, and his weight pulled the cupboard over. He panicked, and when his mother ran in he told her a story on the spur of the moment about a man being in the kitchen. Guess when he cooled down he would have confessed the truth. But I happened to turn up, and he was pushed into adding a few more details to his imaginary tale until he had landed himself in such a mess he didn't dare turn back."

Ed took a deep breath.

"Are you sure of this? To think that any son of mine should turn out to be such a young scamp. Why, he's upset the whole countryside, he's hoaxed the police, he's—I'll teach him what's what!"

"Steady," begged Tim. "Alec didn't realise he was going to cause all this trouble. I guess what he's been through since has been punishment enough. He's a good lad, really."

"You're too soft on him," growled Ed.

"Let me prove I'm right," begged Tim.

He led the way back to the cabin and beckoned to Alec.

"Guess we've solved this thing," he said solemnly. "It can't have been a stranger you saw. The only other man it could have been is Sookum Charlie."

"Oh no!" cried Alec. "Not Charlie!"

"Who else? Charlie is a big man. He wears a fur cap and a leather coat. No-one else was in the woods right then. And he's a lazy good-for-nothing who would probably rather steal than work. Guess I'll have to arrest him."

"What'll they do to him, Tim?" groaned Alec.

"Send him to gaol, I guess—if he's guilty."

"No! Charlie wasn't there. You can't arrest Charlie. No-one was there. I made it all up!" cried Alec. "And this morning..."

"This morning you heard me talking to your Dad and realised I was beginning to guess there wasn't any man, so you went up into the woods and pretended to see him again."

"Yes," confessed Alec in a low voice.

His father took him by the arm.

"Hold the car for a few minutes will you, Tim? Alec and I have a little private business to attend to," he said grimly.

When Alec and his father reappeared the lad looked pale, yet relieved and at ease for the first time since the whole affair had started. He climbed into the car. Ed winked at Tim, then leaned forward and whispered, "How did you know there was no-one in the woods?"

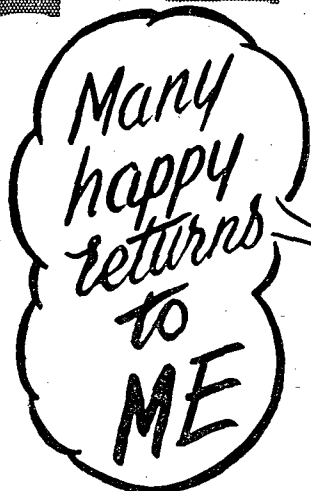
"If anyone had gone along that trail he would have broken the web and I shouldn't have taken it smack in the face," said Tim with a grin as he started up the car.

Do not miss next week's grand story of Morgan of the Mounties. Order your C.N. now.

## APRIL 25 IS MY BIRTHDAY

says

# LOOK!



## EVERY DAY...

... Rufus and Flook, the two quaint and lovable characters created by Trog of The Daily Mail, appear in the most original picture strip of all. Don't miss their amusing, amazing, incredible daily escapades.

## EVERY SATURDAY...

... has a treat in store for boys and girls of all ages... a Special Section of The Daily Mail devoted to all the things you find most thrilling and entertaining—including:

## JUNIOR MAIL

**Specially for Boys & Girls**

**"THUNDER OVER GERMANY"**—an absorbing serial story by Captain W. E. Johns, featuring Squadron Leader "Biggles" in breath-taking adventures, is now appearing. You can start reading it in Saturday's Daily Mail.

**"I-SPY"** Big Chief I-Spy publishes special notes, news and lists of prize-winners each Saturday.

**All these good things for You—in The**

# Daily Mail



## THE BRAN TUB

### To be Continued

LITTLE Betty returned from her first day at school.

"What did you learn?" asked Mummie.

"Oh, not very much," replied Betty. "I have to go again this afternoon."

### Fido's Collar

Do you know the origin of the brass studs on the collars worn by many dogs?

Their history goes back to very early times when dogs were used for hunting, and for the protection of their owners. Instead of studs metal spikes were used. These formed a ruff, and protected the animal from attacks upon its throat. The dog could also use them as a weapon when engaged in battle with an adversary. Now the brass studs remain purely as an ornament.

### Riddle-My-Name

My first is found in chest and back;

My next is in both yoke and join;

My third's in satchel, not in sack;

My fourth's in pier, but not in groynes;

My last's in need, but not in lack—

A boy who's 50 in a coin!

Answer next week

### All There

SNIP: Good morning. How do you find yourself today?

Snap: I didn't know I was lost.

### Countryside Flowers

IN the oak woods during spring the Moschatel, a tiny, fragile flower, is often overlooked owing to its yellowish-green colour.



This odd little plant, barely six inches high, has five small flowers growing at the top of the stem. Four of the flowers are at right angles to each other, and facing outwards. The fifth faces the sky. They are always arranged so, hence the other name, "Town-Hall Clock."

The Moschatel's leaves are cut into deep lobes and are quite attractive.

## Jacko Feels the Arm of the Law



JACKO and Baby had been to collect the Saturday morning shopping, and were on the way home when a sudden shower caught them unawares. "Coo, if I'd have known it was going to rain I needn't have washed this morning," growled Jacko. Then they heard a friendly voice calling them. It was the village policeman—and in a trice they were sheltered under the voluminous cape. "Oh, I do think our policemen are wonderful," chuckled Jacko. "This must be what they call the 'protection of the law'."

### Slippery Fish

THERE was an old fellow from Hayes

Who had most peculiar ways.

He never wore slippers,

Instead he used kippers,

Tied on to his feet with green baize.

### Farmer Gray Explains

The Dipper or Water-Ouzel. Don's eyes were fixed patiently on the red-and-white float, when a sweet trilling song drew his attention. Higher up the stream was a bird about seven inches long. Its head was brown, the back almost black, while its white throat ended in a splash of chestnut. Suddenly the bird vanished beneath the surface of the stream. In vain Don watched for its reappearance.

"You need not worry, Don, it was a dipper. These birds are quite at home in the water," explained Farmer Gray. "They will swim under water and also walk along a stream's bed, searching for aquatic insects, water-snails, and their larvae."

### Who Flew?

IF you cross out one letter in each of the words below you'll leave a new word. To be sure you've done it properly, see that the letters you've crossed out spell a name famous in flying history.

TABLE. BLANK. PLANE. GRAPE. STAIR. JOUST. TRACK.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds

IN the evening Mercury is in the west and Mars and Saturn are in the south. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon at 10 o'clock (BST) on Friday evening, April 21.



### Overheard

"If you will lend me half of your money," said B, "I shall have £200."

"But I was going to suggest that you lend me a third of your money," replied A. "Then I should have £100."

How much money had each of them?

Answer next week

### Stop Him and Buy One

PETER: May I have twopence for a man who is crying in the street, Mummie?

Mummie: What is he crying about?

Peter: Creamy ices; twopence each!

### Nome's Name

THE famous gold town of Nome in Alaska is said to have been named by a curious mistake.

In early maps of Alaska one cape was left nameless, and an official to whom the draft map was submitted pencilled on the cape the query *Name?* When the rough map was copied a draughtsman transcribed the scrawled query as *Nome*.

### Rising to the Occasion

"You are needed at our party. Do get up!" said two small Pies.

"Really!" said the lazy Loaf, "You cause me some surprise; 'I was kneaded only yesterday, And then I had to rise.'"

### The New Arithmetic

MOTHER was testing Bill's knowledge of arithmetic—not one of his strong points.

"A man bought a wireless set for £12 10s and sold it for £11 19s," she said. "Did he gain or lose by this deal?"

"He lost on the pounds, but gained on the shillings," replied Bill.

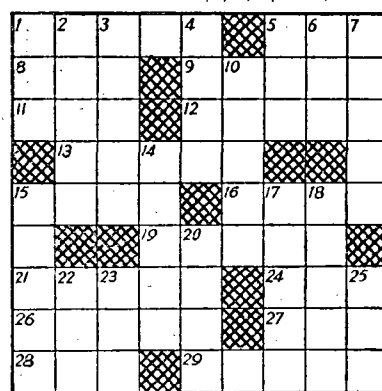
## Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 To gather corn left by harvesters. 5 A head-covering. 8 To ventilate. 9 Beginning of an era. 11 By means of. 12 Broader. 13 Flaming shrub of the heath. 15 A brave man. 16 Ship's company. 19 The staff of life. 21 A lively frolic. 24 Beginning of a leaf cluster. 26 Business. 27 Solid water. 28 An age. 29 Heavily burdened.

Reading Down. 1 A breach. 2 A vassal owing duties to a feudal lord. 3 Mistake. 4 Tidings. 5 Used for carrying mortar and bricks. 6 High-valued card. 7 To cast. 10 A detached portion. 14 Dressed for a ceremony. 15 Hurry. 17 Furious. 18 To bring out. 20 To be dizzy. 22 A paid player (abbrev). 23 Contended in a race. 25 Wild animal's lair.

Answer next week

The Children's Newspaper, April 22, 1950



### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle-My-Name

Peter

Anagram

Satin, stain, saint

All But One

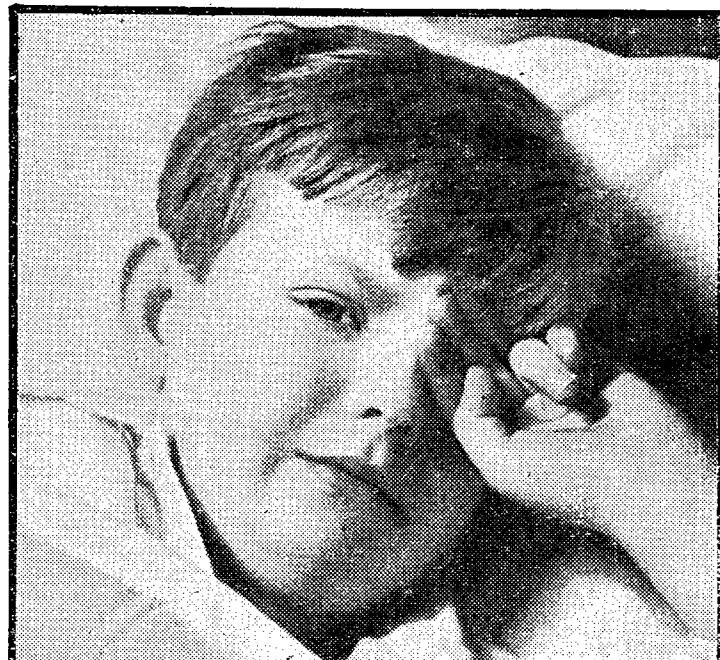
Six

### At the Opera

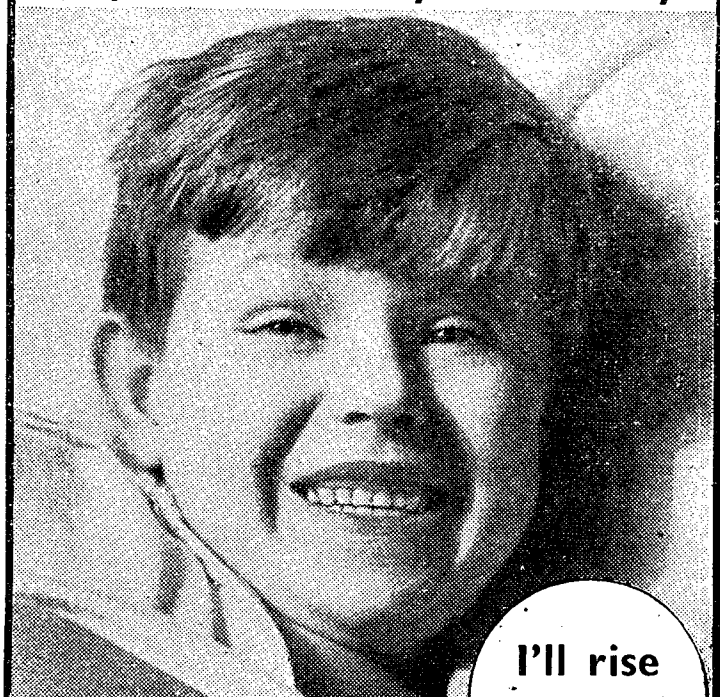
Bill: I like Wagner best.

Jane: Why?

Bill: Because his music is the only kind that can be heard above the conversation.



Will you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?



I'll rise and shine

**MACLEANS**

Peroxide Solid Dentifrice

makes teeth **WHITER**

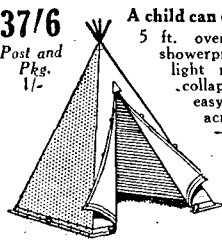
## LET THEM PLAY IN

Any weather—anywhere

A 4-Pole

### WIGWAM

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Post and  
Pkg.  
1/-



A child can erect it alone  
5 ft. overall height—  
showerproof jungle  
light material—4  
collapsible poles for  
easy storage—tie  
across entrance  
—can be used  
indoors with-  
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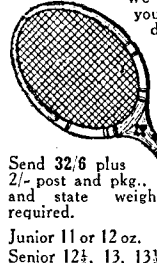
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